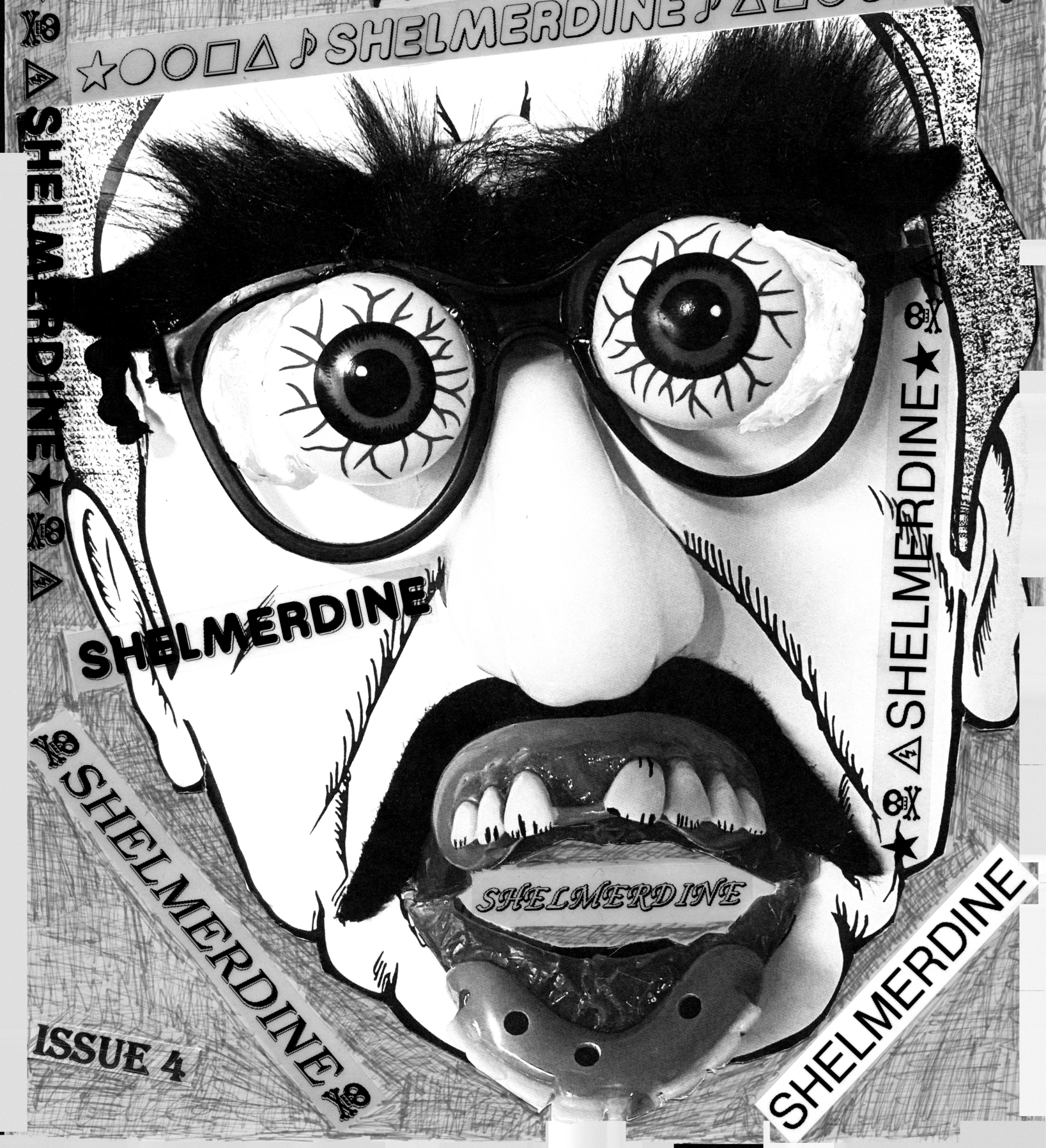
HUMDINGER

OCT. 2025

WHO IS... ☆○○□△♪SHELMERDINE♪△□○○☆ ??


SHELMERDINE
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SHELMERDINE

LETTER FROM VINCENT MCVINCENT

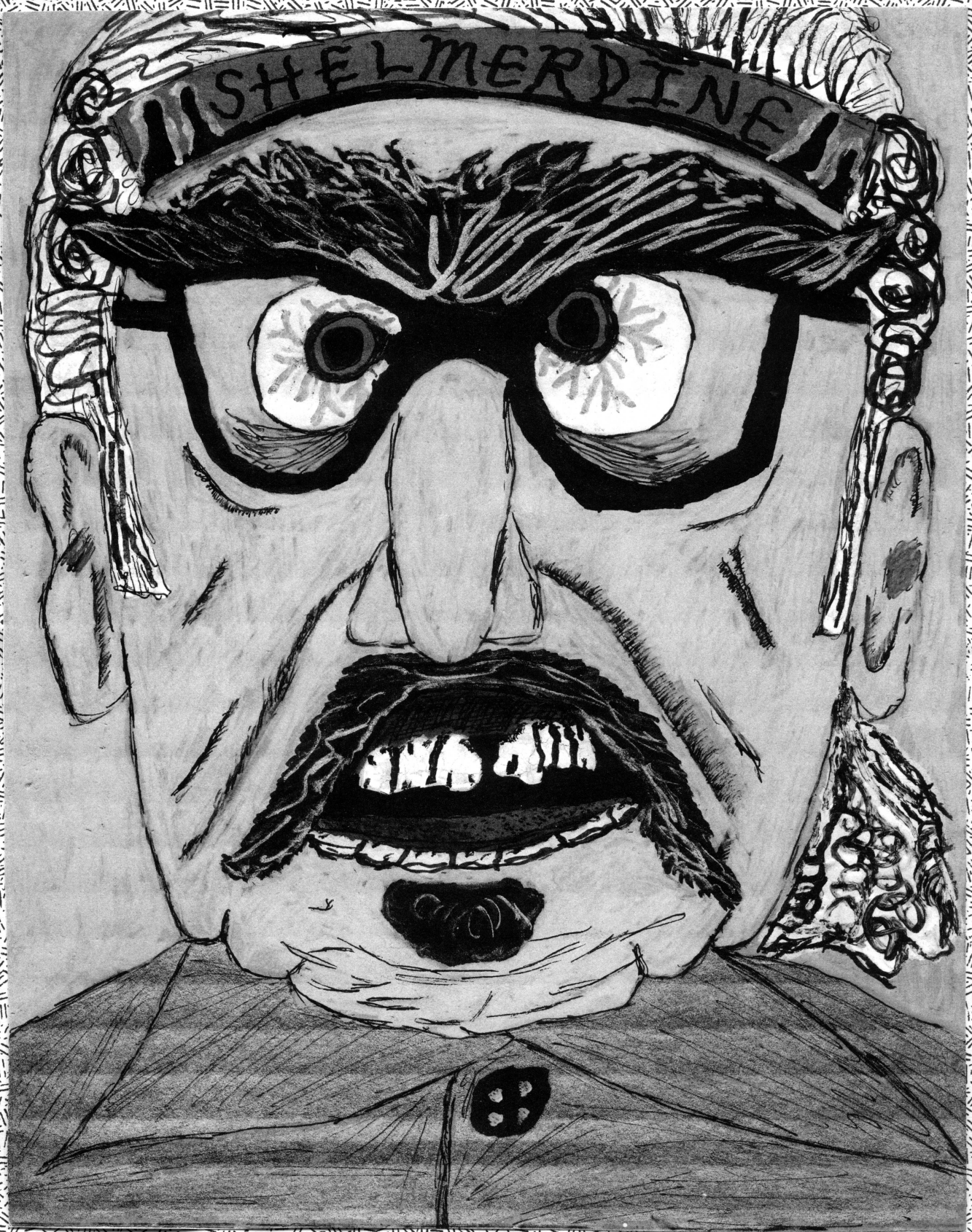
Egads! A thousand and a quarter pardons for the glaring absence of *Humdinger* from the store counters and newsstands of Salt Lake City. Aren't you all just *DYING* to know where I've been? Will you positively combust if I don't start explaining myself in the next 17 seconds? Are you presently frothing at the mouth, your jaws clenched so powerfully your teeth are beginning to burst out of your gums, your body seizing up and thrashing against your china hutch containing Faberge eggs and commemorative Elvis plates until they all fall and smash against the chartreuse linoleum due to the recent lack of *Humdinger* in your life?? Well, neither fret nor froth, combust, and seize up any longer!! I mean it, bub! Ergo…this be the prodigal ***HUMDINGER***. Your face, with that shimmering sorbet sheen, should be forewarned: *reading this, the fourth issue of this zine, will feel akin to being struck by the leather glove from the dominant hand of a foppish dandy*.

Folks and germs, the long and short of it (mostly long) is the fact that I've been hospitalized for the past two months.

Conniptions, rapscallions, malevolences, and mongrels. The cover of this zine queries, as I assume you too are querying, fair reader: "Who is Sheldmerdine?" For now, I'll say that he is a man of mystery, principle, passion, and faith.

If you wander the streets of Sugarhouse or downtown, you will see SHELMERDINE ministering to the downtrodded in both body and soul. He doesn't pick the noses of those who cannot pick for themselves, but inspires them to see that in the end the only person who can truly pick their nose is themself. That's what he taught me, and if you abide by his exhortations, you will each find the sustenance you need within your own nostrils…

Your bosom pal,
Vincent McVincent



Self-portrait by SHELMERDINE, 2024

THE PROBOSCIS PROCESS

A Primer by SHELMERDINE

Have you ever considered that the Big Bang was a raucous sneeze perpetrated by God? Has the urge to pick your own nose and feast upon the glorious contents therein been so persistent and uncontrollable that it has ravaged every facet of your life? Dear reader, you are not alone. The author of this primer has not only smelled through your nostrils, but he has discovered the cloud of steam which will grab your nose, guiding you back to your ultimate source of existence and fulfillment: the Cosmic Schnoz…

Just as foreign particles enter our nasal cavities and irritate the mucosa, causing a convulsive expulsion of air and fluid from the nose and mouth, the Cosmic Schnoz teaches us through this biological imperative a spiritual imperative: that we nosepickers must also reject the deviously noxious particles of the world and only inhale those scents which elevate our souls.

Too long have the nosepickers been shunned and shamed for their innocently divine proclivities! Too long have those who have taken a noseward course towards the divine been relegated to the shadowy corners of society, not to mention incarcerated or burned at the smoky stake. For those no longer content to "smell the roses" as society expects of them, SHELMERDINE now provides you with the means for a fulfilling and fragrant life, all to be found within your nose!

But how can the average nosepicker begin the transformation from a reject to a realized human being? This path, the Proboscis Process, began to be blazed many years ago by a man who has come to be known as "The Unwanted Guru" and "The Most Inept Cult Leader of All-Time," the Cosmic Schnoz's chosen representative on earth, SHELMERDINE…

On April 1st, 1925, SHELMERDINE rowed to the shores of the Great Salt Lake in an overturned portable toilet. He eventually entered the doors of the Saltair Resort, and was examined by doctors, who estimated he was 10 years old. When asked where he came from, SHELMERDINE stuck an index finger up his nostril and said "I just followed my nose." Some took his unexpected arrival as auspicious, while others believed he portented their imminent doom.

THE PROBOSCIS PROCESS

It was 21 days later when SHELMERDINE received the first of his visions from an advanced, bulbous-beaked being. While sniffing for spare change along the boardwalk, the clouds grew dark and stormy, and out of that darkness a blinding light broke through. There in the sky appeared a nose the size of a Buick, and when SHELMERDINE inhaled he smelled the most glorious odor he'd ever smelled, a mix of barbecue, freshly cut grass, and raw sewage. The great nose spoke in a subdued and reluctant high-pitched voice, announcing that it was the Cosmic Schnoz, and that It had chosen SHELMERDINE to be Its chosen representative on earth to guide humanity toward its next phase of evolution: to become noses like It. SHELMERDINE, although already a fervent nosepicker at 10, was confused and shocked by the words of the Cosmic Schnoz, and initially recoiled from his new calling, bursting into tears and wailing that the world would never accept a nosepicker. This reaction angered the Cosmic Schnoz, who rained down great flaming snot wads out of Its nostrils upon the wooden resort, and said SHELMERDINE would see It again before disappearing into the clouds.

The Saltair burned down, and those who had feared SHELMERDINE when he arrived banished him from the burnt remains of the premises. For many years SHELMERDINE wandered the Salt Lake Valley, intermittently travelling and performing with a band of freaks and thieves, using his great and powerful nostrils to inhale baskets of apples or small animals for unsuspecting crowds. Throughout this time, the Cosmic Schnoz would now and again return to SHELMERDINE, and exhort him to accept his divine role as the Proboscis Prophet. With every rejection of his true purpose, the Cosmic Schnoz would rain down flaming snot wads from Its nostrils upon SHELMERDINE and those in his vicinity, once again causing him to be rejected and banished.

Luckily, a wealthy patron and benefactor recognized there was something remarkable about this young man, and he sent SHELMERDINE to be educated, eventually paying his way to attend Columbia University. It was at Columbia University that SHELMERDINE began the process of accepting divine calling. This acceptance began after meeting a group of open-minded students and alumni such as

THE PROBOSCIS PROCESS

Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and William S. Burroughs. These fellows challenged SHELMERDINE to open his mind to the spiritual and philosophical ramifications of the visions he'd been experiencing since childhood. The other factor in SHELMERDINE's growth was the discovery of the game Tiddlywinks. Although initially a game designed for children, students at Cambridge and Oxford had redefined it as a strategic game akin to chess, and had brought competitive play to the United States. SHELMERDINE was part of the first wave of competitive Tiddywinks players, and would go on to dominate the sport for the next 10 years.

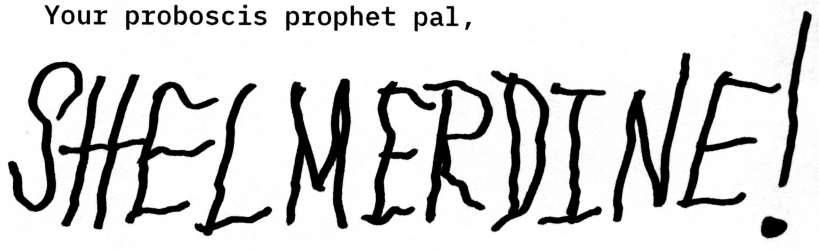
Throughout his tenure as World Tiddlywinks Champion, SHELMERDINE began to embrace and adhere to the teachings the Cosmic Schnoz would bestow on him. After a time, he no longer viewed his compulsion for nosepicking as a gross and abhorrent habit, but as a lifestyle which would not only elevate the human soul, but also human consciousness and ultimately human evolution.

After a decade of impregnable mastery over the sport of professional Tiddylywinks, SHELMERDINE retired to accept his divine fate and take up the mantle of the Proboscis Process. The more he honored each smell, sneezed out all impurity, and subsisted solely on that which came from within his nose, the happier he was, and the closer he felt to his creator, the Cosmic Schnoz.

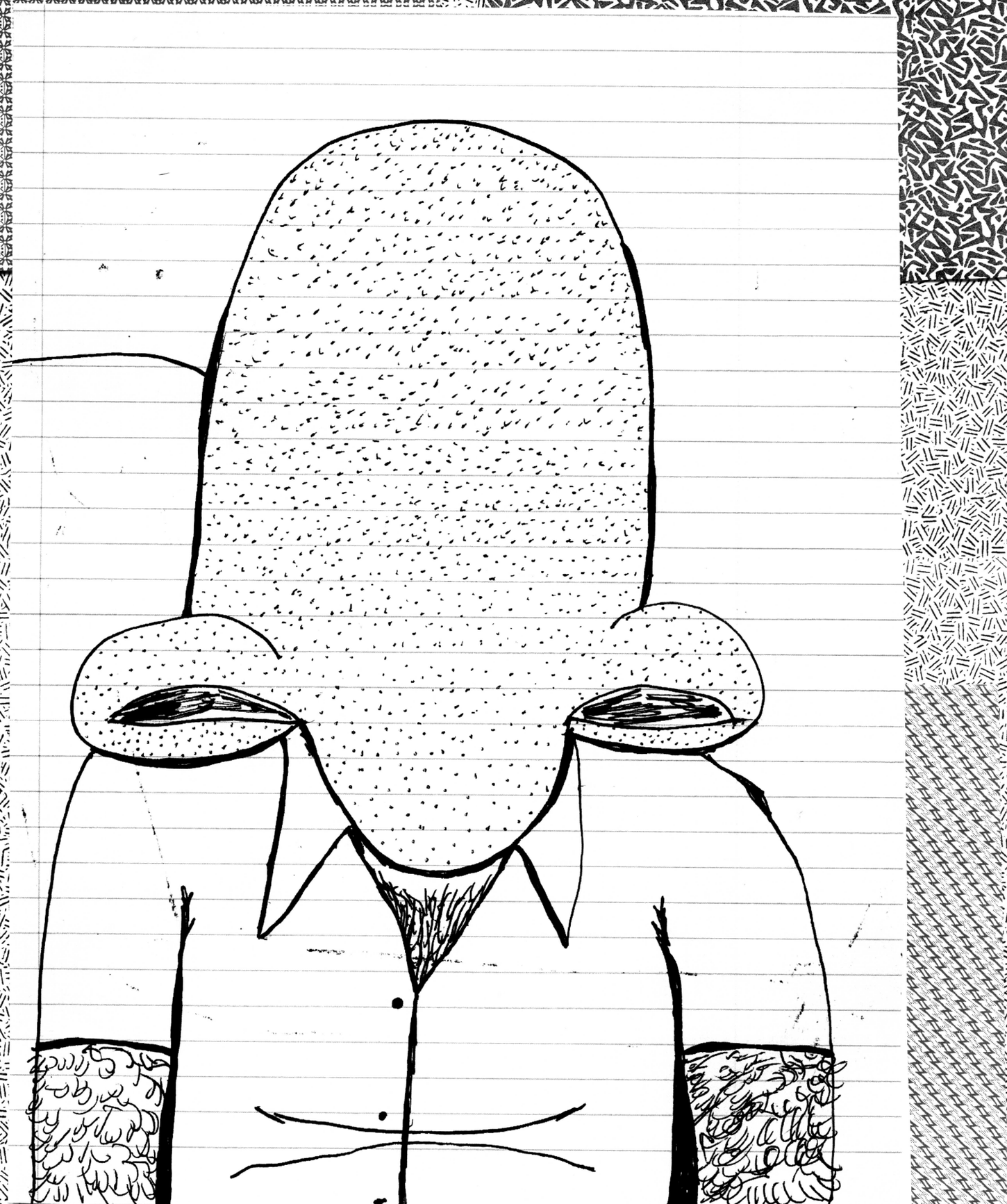
If you, or a loved one, wish to find aromatic and mucous-coated bliss in this life, and in the life to be attained by ascending to Nosehood, I, SHELMERDINE, will welcome you into the bosomy caverns of my nostrils, and lead you to the mounds of nuggets gold to be found within your own schnoz. As we each follow the divine impulse to follow our Nose, which the Cosmic Schnoz has bestowed upon us all, we will breathe in jubilation and contentness, and expel the foreign particles of greed and subjugation with every sneeze.

Odors and boogers beyond your wildest conceptions await you!

Your proboscis prophet pal,



SHELMERDINE



"The Evolution of Man" by SHELMERDINE, 2013

SHELMERDINE'S RECOMMENDED READSH

ALEXANDER, LYNNE Adolf's Revenge

AMARA, LUIGI The Wig

ANGER, KENNETH Hollywood Babylon

BESSANT, ANNIE & LEADBEATER, C.W. Thought Forms

BLACK, JACK You Can't Win

BOULLE, PIERRE Planet of the Apes

BROD, DOUG Born with a Tail

BURGESS, ANTHONY A Clockwork Orange

BURTON, ROBERT The Anatomy of Melancholy

CASTANEDA, CARLOS The Teachings of Don Juan

CAVENDISH, RICHARD The Black Arts

CELLINI, BENVENUTO The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini

CIORAN, EMIL The Trouble with Being Born

CROWLEY, ALASTAIR The Book of The Law

DEAN, JOHN House of Evil

FLYNN, ERROL My Wicked, Wicked Ways

FREUD, SIGMUND The Interpretation of Dreams

GARDINER, ALAN Egypt of the Pharaohs

GOLDMAN, MAXINE A. Pocket Guide to the Operating Room

GREY, RUDOLPH Nightmare of Ecstasy: The Life & Art of Edward D. Wood, Jr.

LIUNGMAN, CARL G. Dictionary of Symbols

MELLEN, JOE Bore Hole

MITFORD, JESSICA The American Way of Death

MOYNIHAN, MICHAEL & SODERLIND, DIDRIK Lords of Chaos

NIMOY, LEONARD I Am Spock

PARFREY, ADAM Apocalypse Culture

SCHWARZENEGGER, ARNOLD Encyclopedia of Modern Bodybuilding

SOROKIN, VLADIMIR Blue Lard

THOMPSON, JIM Bad Boy

TSUNETOMO, YAMAMOTO Hagakure: The Book of the Samurai

I AM IMPOTENT

AND I LIKE IT

Painting by SHELMERDINE, 1946

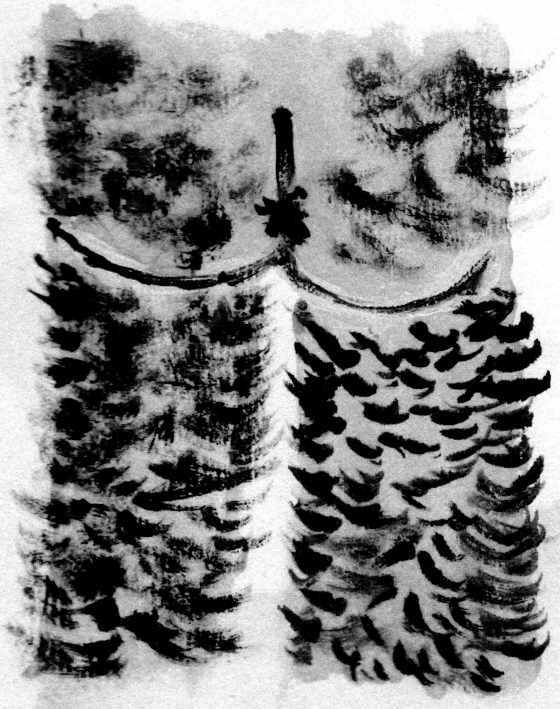
SHELMERDINE THE PROCESSED PROPHET"S PROCESSED PLAYLIST

"Cut The Mullet/ Wesley Willis
"The Booker Tease" / The Residents
"Drinking Wine Spodyody" / Pere Ubu
"I Know I'm Going to Die of a Stroke" / Jim E. Brown
"Catholic Bathroom" / Ergo Phizmiz
"Give It up or Turnit a Loose" / Black Randy & The Metrosquad
"Instant UTI" / Butter Bean
"Violent Death Of Dutch Schultz" / John Zorn
"Piece of Meat in the Tang" / Weird Paul
"Firecracker Firecracker" / Half Japanese
"Divine Horseman" / The Flesh Eaters
"Janitor" / Suburban Lawns
"Pull Back the Bolt" / Minimal Man
"Oasis" / Moondog
"Seven Souls" / William S. Burroughs, Bill Laswell
"I'm a Wabbit" / Bingo Gazingo
"My Bisexual Friend" / David Liebe Hart, Jad Fair, Jason Willett
"No Mistakes" / Otto Kentrol, Faceless
"Roach Motel" / Chinese Puzzle
"I Really Want To Bomb You" / Jill Kroesen
"Burning Bridges" / Fingerprints
"I Dream In Black And White" / The Tryp
"The Great Apes Ate Grapes" / Zoogz Rift
"People Are Strange" / Tiny Tim
"Where's Jerry Lewis?" / The Frogs
"The Camel Song" / King Kong
"Three Little Devils" / Harmony Korine
"I Make Wee-Wee in My Panties" / Tiny Tim
"Oh My Dear (Falling In Love)" / Ween
"Waltz in Orbit" / Ray Cathode
"ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS" / Robert Dayton
"A Family Affair" / Television Personalities
"Vogue Bambini" / Momus
"The Artichoke That Loved Me" / The Cleaners From Venus

SLAP

ME

I'M



HYSTERICAL

Painting by SHELMERDINE, 1964

SHEVERAL O' SHELMERDINE'S FAVORITE FLICKSH

1. "HOT TO TROT" (1988)
The one thing I have in common with the horse played by John Candy is that Gilbert Gottfried was also my dentist.

10. "BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA" (1952)
This flick is most assuredly a hoot and a quarter! The last I heard, the other 3/4s opted for a lobotomy than watch this movie again. A Martin & Lewis discount duo crash land on a tropical island and are performed on by a mad scientist (Lugosi). See Lugosi's track marks four yourself (you could see them from space)!

9. "EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL" (1969)
This movie is like if the Munchkins rebelled against the Great & Powerful Oz, and cackled wildly watching him burn at the stake! Hail Herzog.

8. "INCUBUS" (1966)
If you thought a film couldn't be filmed entirely in Esperanto, your brain should be turned into my corned beef hash for breakfast tomorrow. This role not only presaged his heavy-handed command of the U.S.S. Enterprise, but the lilt to Shatner's voice practically begs for the spoken word albums he would soon bless the world's ears with!

7. "CARNIVAL OF SOULS" (1962)
Always shall this film suckle at my heart's worn and weathered teat! Shot on location at the ruins of the Saltair, my childhood home, all the ghouls were practical, believe it or not. They were all people who died in the fires caused by my visions of the Cosmic Schnoz. Every time I watch these scenes I can smell the burning love handles and noise hairs all over again!

6. "HAPPINESS" (1998)
Helen Jorgan (Lara-Flyn Boyle): I'm just another sordid exhibitionist.
If I had a dollar for every time I said that to myself on a crowded bus!

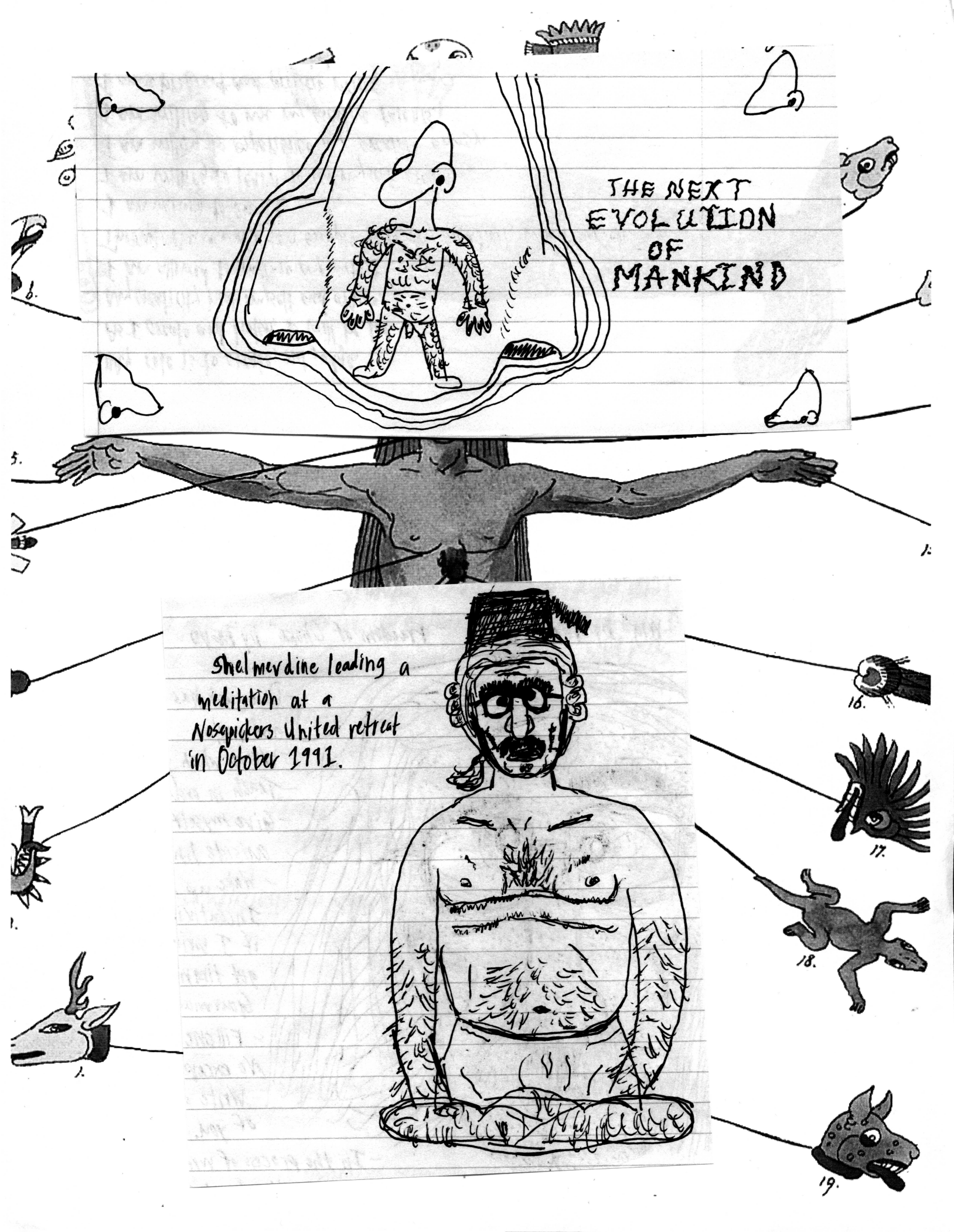
5. "FREAKS" (1932)
Schlitzie was the best man at my first wedding. Great speech!

4. "SHAKES THE CLOWN" (1991)
Bobcat Goldthwait and Tom Kenny are the Leopold & Loeb of clowns!

3. "HELLZAPOPPIN'" (1941)
After Olsen & Johnson broke the fourth wall, they had to but it.

2. "FORBIDDEN ZONE" (1980)
Susan Tyrell & Herve Villechaize were the only two I ever loved.

"Stiffened Giblets" drawing by SHELMERDINE, 2019


THE NEXT
EVOLUTION
OF
MANKIND
Shelmerdine leading a meditation at a Nosepickers United retreat in October 1991.

An Awfully Crappy Moment!

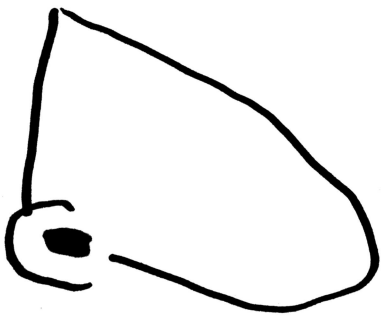
by SHELMERDINE

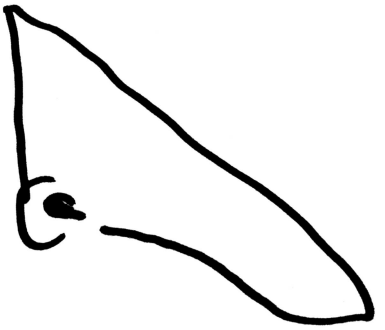
SHELMERDINE and his bulbous pal Meconium Browne were sitting at a booth, the seats cracked and sticky to the touch, in a dimly lit diner, each with a steaming plate of corned beef hash. With his corned beef hash hole brimming with corned beef hash, SHELMERDINE spoke and splattered his bosom buddy with meat, fragments of diced potatoes, and the following words:

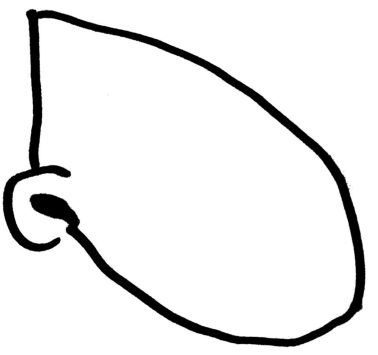
"Perchance, palomino, what do you think about the possibility that, with undoubted potential, there may or may not be certain situations that unequivocally, yet not quite concretely, but tenuously pickle the present moment, though I wager it is vague at best, clearly murky. Ergo, it is an incontrovertible query, every now and then, that once in a blue moon, or a moon of chartreuse, I will passively bludgeon you with an erroneous sense of radical neutrality, regardless it is my subjective objective that I may, in a way, however doubtful, is my question: is the ephemeral obscure, or the obscure ephemeral? Per se, what comes to mind, on the on destiny, is the seductive and saliva-inducing spirit of Beige...I'm forgetting to breathe these days, aren't I?"

"Can you say all of that again but in fluent gibberish, my guy?" asked Meconium Browne, the corned beef on his plate beginning to pulsate and twitch.

SHELMERDINE PICKED HIS NOSE IN RESPONSE, pulled out six or seven tinier and tinier noses, and felt a keen sense that the Cosmic Schnoz must feel the same way when He pulls a human being out of His omnipotent hooter, and flicks it onto the earth...







SHELMERDINE self-portrait, 2008

SHELMERDINE ON...SHELMERDINE

Jaundiced and paunchy readers, this is indeed a rare phenomenon, like a lonely hermaphrodite. The mind boggles at the sheer unliklihood, yet here it is, searing into your retinas with the ferocity of...the printed word. Known to be as private and unappealing to society as Thomas Pynchon, I had my own doubts as to whether I could rouse SHELMERDINE's interest in an exclusive interview. If I couldn't get him to wear more than his rotting, practically transparent undergarments under a trenchcoat to get discount corned beef hash from the corner bodega, how could I get him to flare open his soul, let alone his nostrils? Nevertheless, over a room temperature plate of corned beef hash he'd left out overnight, I saw SHELMERDINE reflecting back at me in my spoon, and knew that it was now or never.

Though initially cantankerous and a tongue dripping with vitriol, after a heart inhalation of decongestant lowered his boil to a simmer, and he graciously agreed to meet me in the bathroom of our apartment in front of the mirror. The excitement and anticipation accelerated the production of mucous in my nostrils until they bubbled over with snot. And then I saw him in the mirror...

SHELMERDINE: Thank you for taking time out of your monotonous day to speak with me.

SHELMERDINE: It is truly your honor, succulent sir. I only engage in conversations with individuals endowed with buxom nostrils, such as yourself.

I hid my blushing face behind the scum-soaked shower curtain, and attempted to obfuscate my glee and arousal. With my eyeballs popping out of socket from the effort to contain myself, I licked my hand to sopping, slicked back the stray hairs sprouting from my powedered, discolored wig, and flexed my chin, conveying confidence and authority.

SHELMERDINE: You flatter me, your odorousness. Now, most people know you from your legendary stint as the World Tiddlywinks Champion from 1947-1969 with your retirement. Tell me, have you retained your skills as a world-class 'Winker?

SHELMERDINE's harsh scoff slaps me across the face, a trickle of blood escaping the corner of my mouth. From out of his breast coat pocket he withdrew a travel Tiddlywinks set, placed it onto the carpet and sunk each successive wink with his homemade squidger, made from his best friend's cocyx.

SHELMERDINE: Does that answer your clever little query, Mr. Big Interviewer Man??

I promptly soiled myself with awe, grateful to have witness such unsurpassed mastery non-trivial children's games man ever did conceive.

SHELMERDINE: Thank you for that...invigorating demonstration. Once a dumpy dynamo, always a dumpy dynamo! Now, following your retirement from professional Tiddlywinks, it was as if you fell off the face of the earth. Occasionally a photo or grainy CCTV would surface to much dispute. Can you tell us what the great SHELMERDINE has been doing since 1969?

SHELMERDINE: Believe it or not, things more worthwhile than Tiddlywinks. I know, hard to believe. But it's true. Things of the utmost consequence to the fate of the universe and our perception of reality.

I audibly gasped, my notecards flew out of my hands onto the crusted-over bathroom tile. Dusting off the stray hairs and errant nail clippings from the cards, I attempted to return to the interview with a semblance of composure.

SHELMERDINE: I don't mean to doubt a man of your integrity and potency, but what you're saying makes no sense! What could possibly be more important, more vital, more titillating and closer to pure creation than Tiddlywinks?

SHELMERDINE: The Cosmic Schnoz.

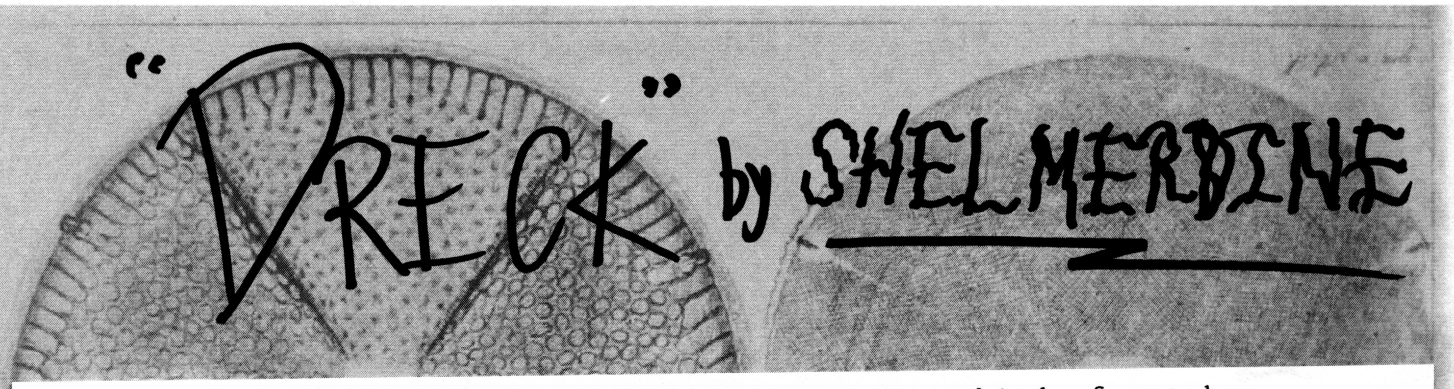
SHELMERDINE: AGHHGHJJDUUUIOPLKGGNNPPTT??

SHELMERDINE: The Cosmic Schnoz: man's truest god and liberator. The key to the next phase in our evolution. The gateway to our ascension to our rightful place of existence. That desire to pick your, and eat what you find, where do you think that comes from? The Cosmic Schnoz. It's him speaking to us from within our nostrils, the North star guiding us to our primordial home.

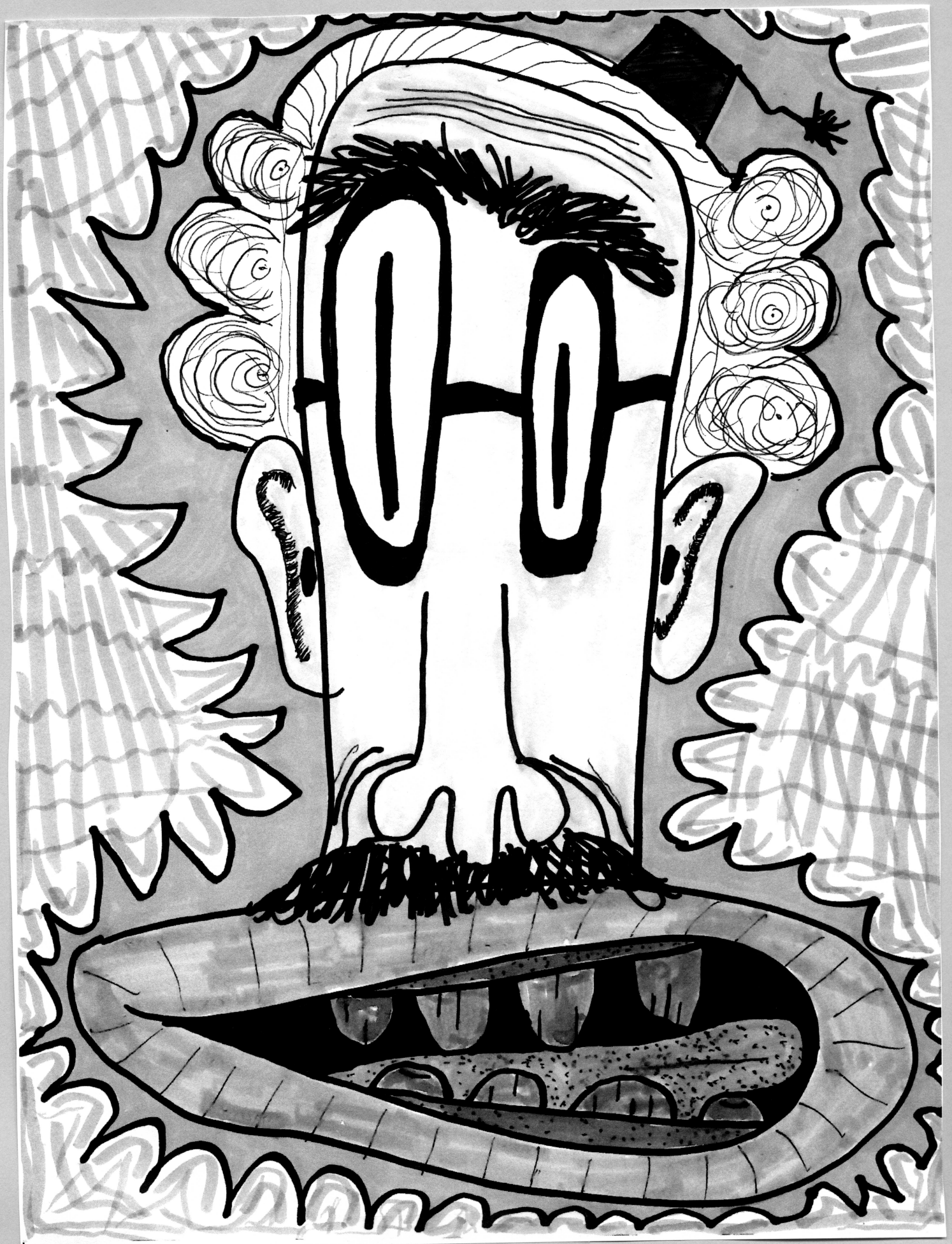
SHELMERDINE: I...I...I don't know what to say. I'm utterly gobsmacked. But how do you know this?

It was then that SHELMERDINE, like Moses descending Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments, handed me a rare pamphlet he produced in 1970, detailing a vision he experienced as a child, and which he continues to experience in different forms to this day. Generously, SHELMERDINE has allowed its contents to be reproduced in this issue of "Humdinger." Breathe in the wisdom, smell the authenticity of his words, and sniff out the truth for yourself, as I did...

Drawing by SHELMERDINE, 2017



She picked it up and discovered that it was some kind of a token or coin.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of a pair of facial lips or squelching chunk of tumor.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some kind of obedient hair braid or freshly baked loaf of artisanal bread.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of shabby boot or midnight snack of deviously unwashed.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of painting from memory or substandard NFT (is that redundant?).
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of gun or blunderbuss Elmer Fudd would brandish during his fruitless attempts to exterminate a wabbit or more successfully disfigure Daffy Duck's facial features for a brief yet satisfying period of time.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some kind of a bear or rug one places before a fire in order to seduce that dynamite dame with the boffo gams.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of fingernail, or the beginning of a trail of fingernails that, fingernail by fingernail, led to a vast mansion constructed entirely of fingernails, the door of said mansion when knocked upon with the fingernail-shaped door knocked would be answered by the madame of the fingernail mansion and the vast fingernail estate, Dame Fingernail, who would smile a jagged smile of unevenly-gnawed fingernails after inviting her in for a traditional cup of fingernail tea and finger(nail) sandwiches slathered with the smoothest, richest fingernail paté the world has ever known.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some kind of screaming in her head or the only sober leprechaun at the AA meeting.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of a scab or tough piece of jerky stuck in a petrifying hill of ketchup.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some sort of pile of flattened mustard packets or the pre-execution meal of Don Knotts.
She picked it up and discovered that it was some kind of Boston Red Sox helmet or last minute toupee.

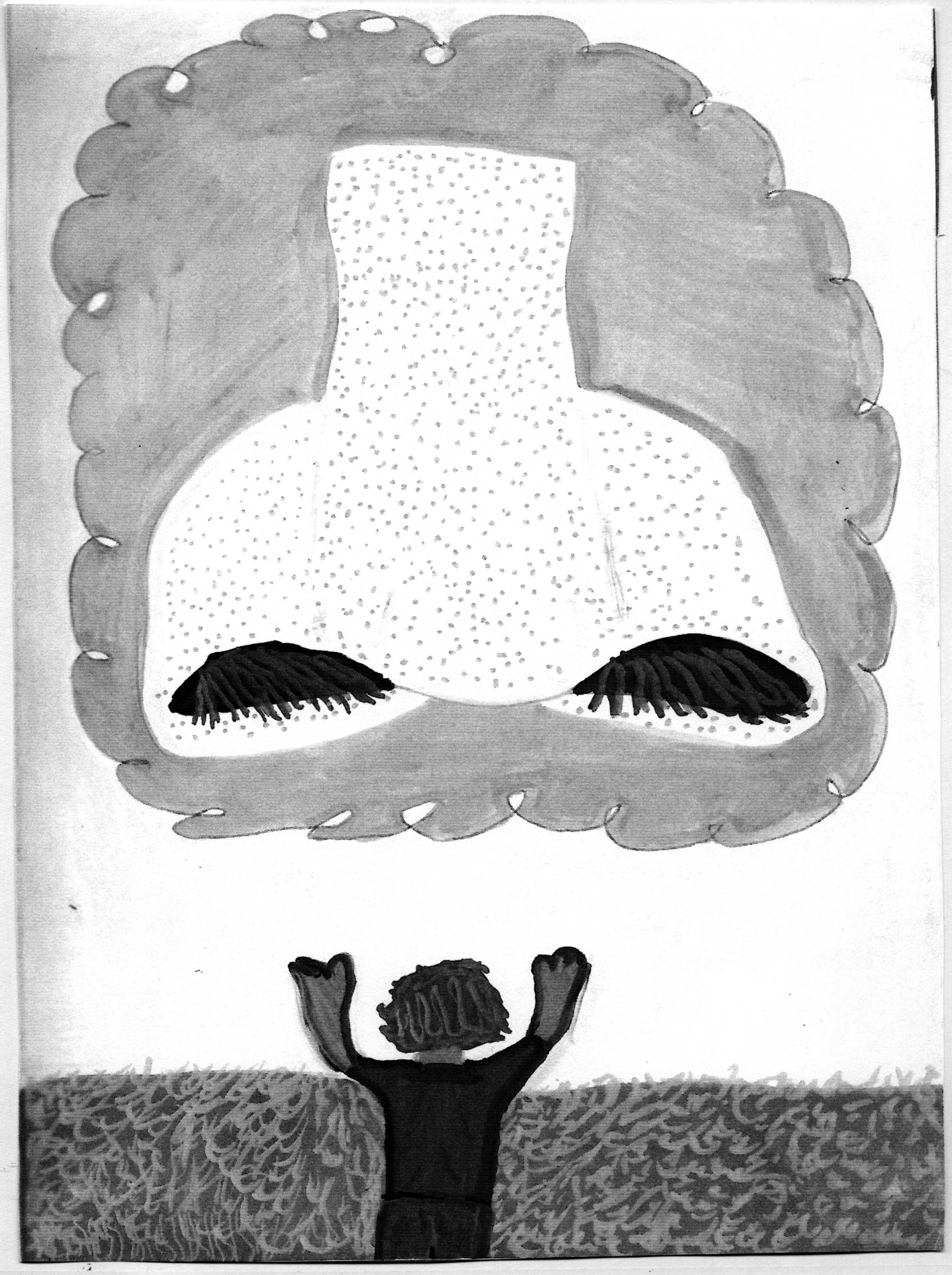


SHELMERDINE, 1989.

POSITIVE PROBOSCIS AFFIRMATIONS

- My role is to pick my nose, not raise it at others.
- AsbI pick and scratch, I will be led.
- Picking my nose heals myself and others.
- I am allowed to pick my nose.
- Through the use of my phalanges, my nose will be picked.
- I am willing to pick my nose.
- I am willing to learn to pick my nose.
- I am willing to pick my nose in front of others.
- I am not embarrassed nor ashamed to pick my nose.
- I am willing to experience the revitalizing cosmic energy of nosepicking.
- I am a brilliant and prolific nosepicker.
- I am a disciplined and dedicated nosepicker.
- My nose is worth picking.
- My nostrils have limitless potential.
- I trust in the Cosmic Schnoz.
- I will sniff out waste and the dung-stained.
- I will pick deep and vigorously.
- Sometimes the true price of gold is a nosebleed.
- The allergies of worldliness will not congest the nostrils of my heart.
- I will inhale deeply both the arrogantly fragrant and the deliciously rank.
- The nose is man's ultimate source of wisdom, and the cradle of civilization.
- The Cosmic Schnoz will sneeze his blessings upon my oily punum.
- I will not put a sneeze guard between me and the Cosmic Schnoz.
- I will use these positive affirmations to ever plunge my fingers into the nourishing bosoms of the Cosmic Schnoz's nasal passages.

by SHELMERDINE



"Recollection of First Vision of the Cosmic Schnoz" by SHELMERDINE

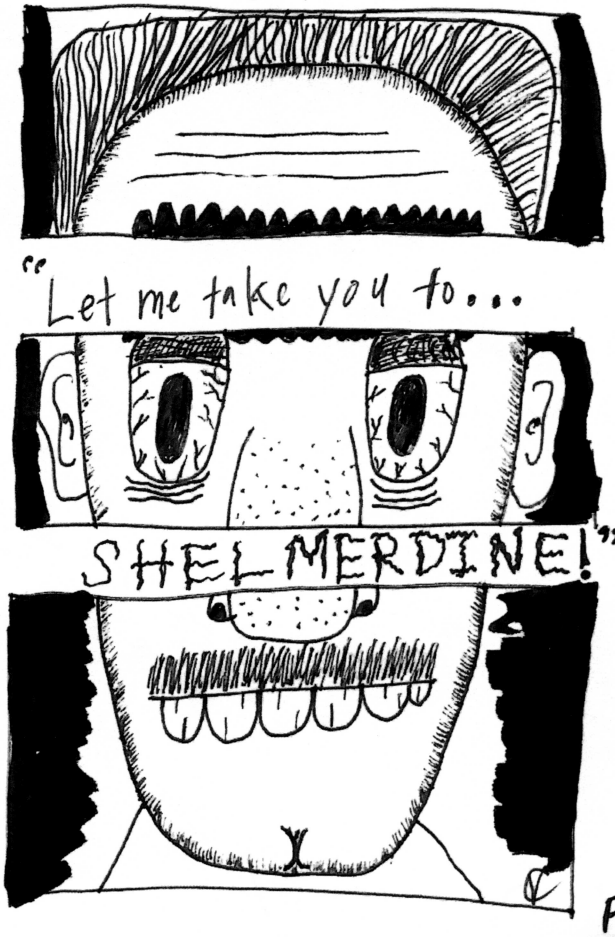
THE UMPTEENTH HARUMPH

by Vincent McVincent

Say uh... Sheriff, sleeping with an animal wouldn't be illegal, would it??
Actually, Clod, it's not only a federal crime but a sin unto Almighty God!

Holy smokes, Sheriff! I can't go to jail! I'm too sensitive and perverted! what am I gonna do?!
But my nose was begging for it, I swear!!
short
sneeze

You're right about that, Clod. you wouldn't last 5 minutes in the hoosegow.
Well, son, in your case there's only one man who can help you with your... affliction.



FIN

THE SELECTED AWFULIZATIONS O' SHELMERDINE

Awfulization: worst, stupidest, most unfair; exaggerates pain and difficulty.

A Full and Malodorous Schnoz

One exercise that I practice is to try for a hearty inventory of both the temporal and spiritual odors and mucous mounds that are mine. Be grateful for the raw sewage which permeates the air around us, and the nose gold we decorate our modest adornments with, and which we use as our only means of sustenance. Each booger bitten brings us back to the buxom bosoms of the Cosmic Schnoz's nostrils.

Daily Inhale and Exhale

We are not the outsiders which society chalks us up to be. What we really are is the terrifying truth that they are wholly asleep from their purpose. We are each a reminder that they have rejected their true source, the Cosmic Schnoz. We must each inhale and exhale goodness for them on a daily basis, and eat our boogers not only for our benefit, but for theirs so that they may return to their schnoz.

Seeking Nose Gold

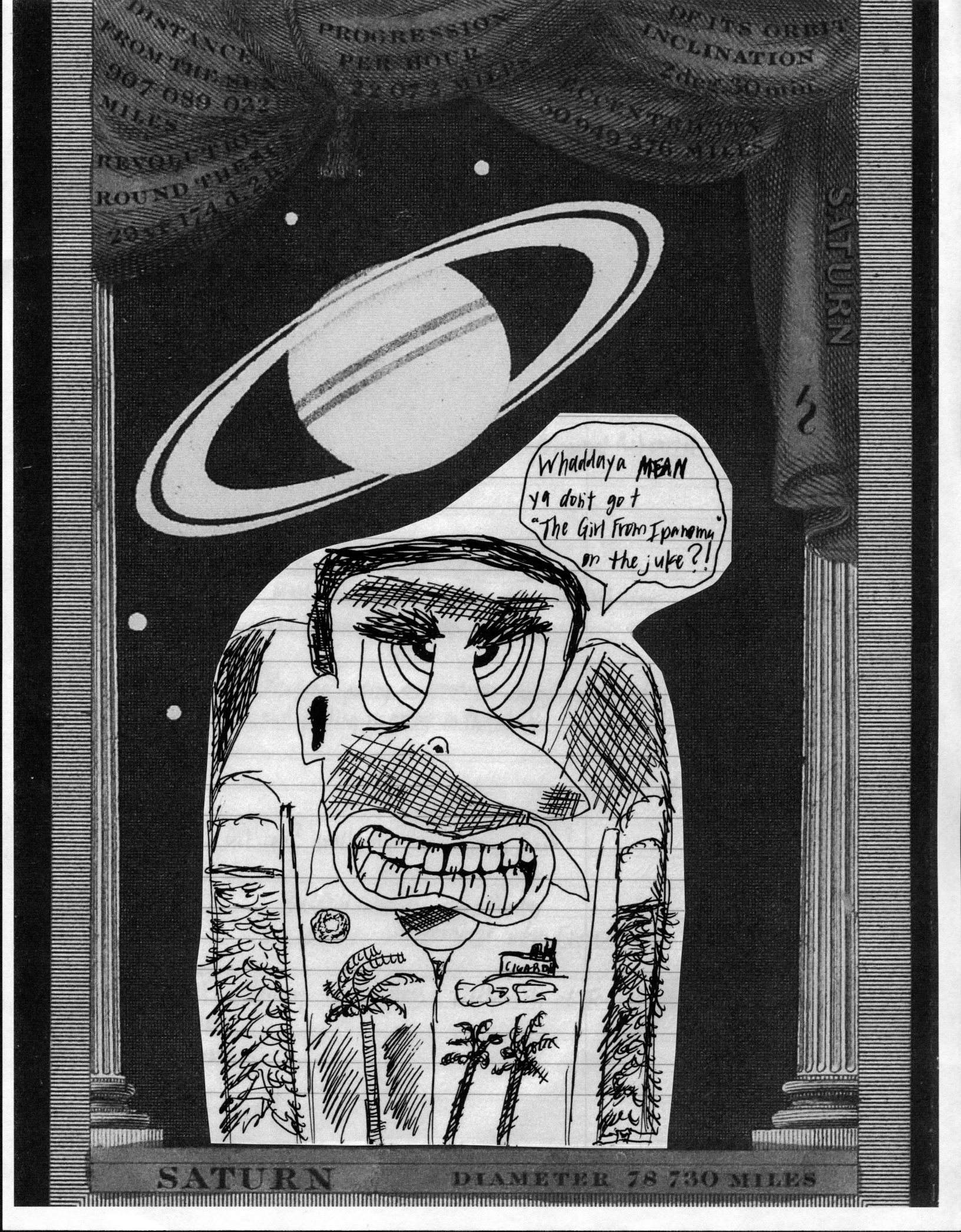
For many of us, nosepicking was done out of desperation or boredom. We bring dishonor upon ourselves when we act with such callous thoughtlessness. The gold within our noses is everlasting, not simply a salty nasal nougat. If we honor the nose gold within us, it will pay dividends to our soul.

Is Picking My Nose Enough?

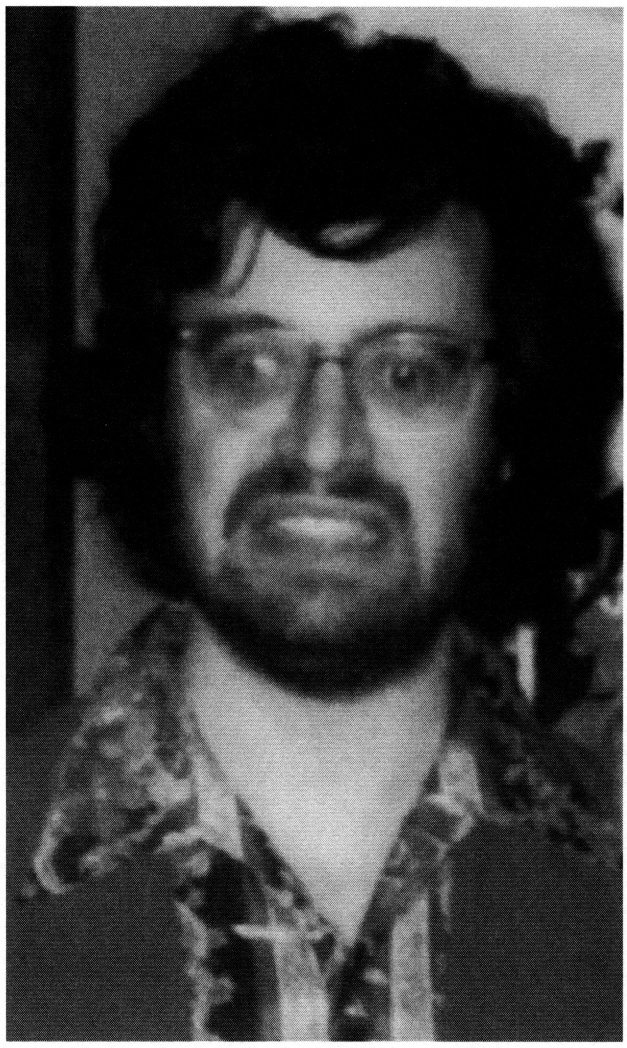
The nosepicker must resist the temptation to pick one's nose simply for deliciously salty temporal sustenance alone. If we partake of our nostril nougats simply to satisfy our body, that body will ultimately be ravaged with squelching decay. Simply picking is not enough. We must pick and eat to nourish our souls. We must think on the Cosmic Schnoz with every morsel. With every pick and chew we must continue to metamorphose into the nose we must each become.

Picking the Schnoz of the Cosmic Schnoz

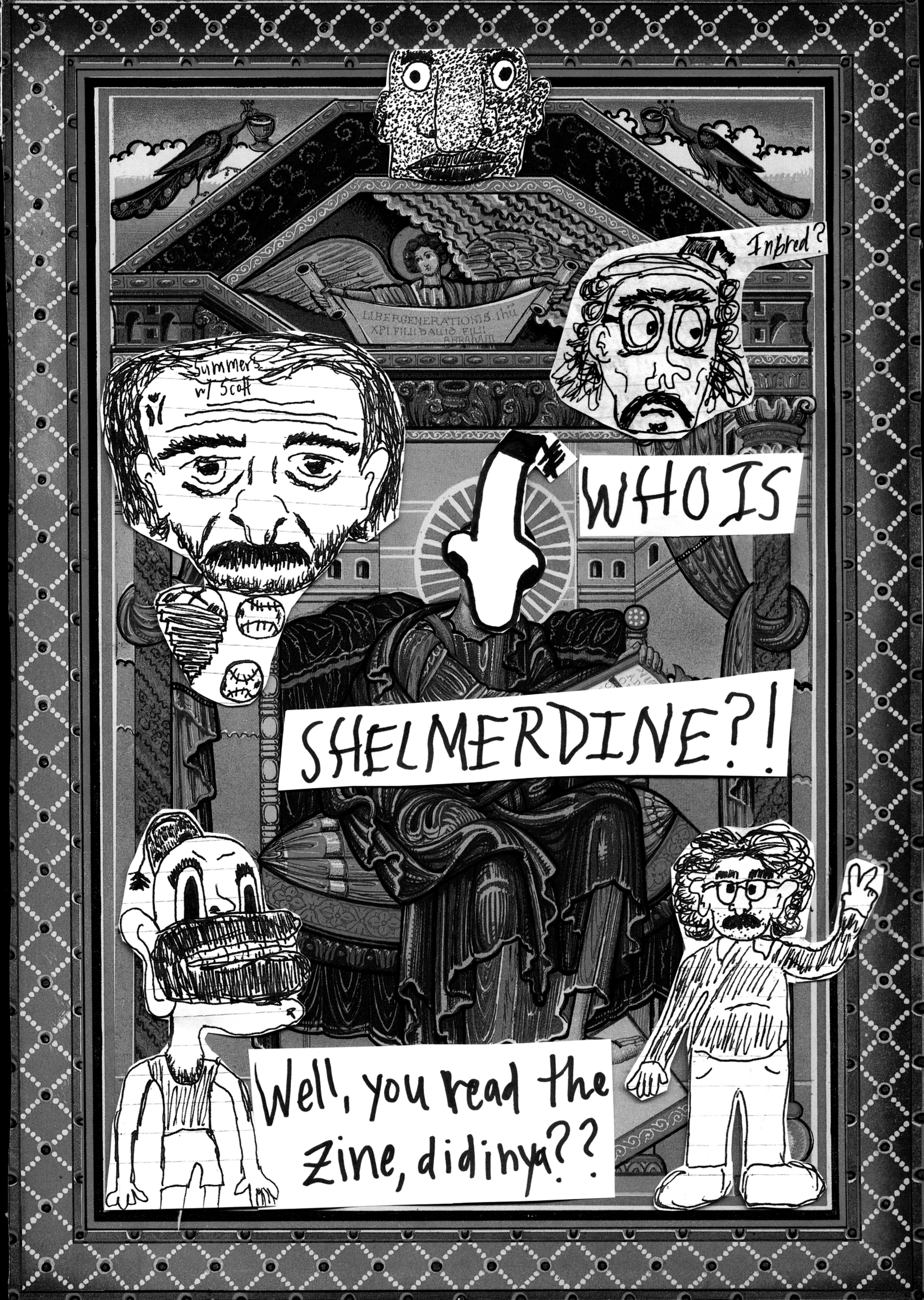
It is one thing to pick one's own nose. It is entirely another to pick the nasal cavities of the Cosmic Schnoz, and this should be the benchmark for each nosepicker. The true nosepicker not only picks for one's own betterment, but for the betterment of all those around them. If you think upon how it will nourish our maker and model, the Cosmic Schnoz, the closer you will inch toward reaching Nosehood.


Whaddaya MEAN
ya don't got
"The Girl From Ipanema"
on the juke?!
SATURN
SATURN DIAMETER 78 730 MILES

VINCENT McVINCENT



This genial knave is a fanatic for long walks at night and peeping into the windows of houses he comes across on said walks. You'll know him by his three-foot tall powdered wig, atop which rests ever so daintily a fez the most devilish shade of scarlet. His breath smells of Durian fruit and old tennis shoes, Reeboks I've heard tell. When he isn't feverishly penning his fiendish and frenzied diatribes, Vincent McVincent is employed as one of the few licensed massage therapists specializing in puppets and marrionettes. He is an amateur Tiddylwinks sportsman, the reality of which has no bearing on the fact that he is also a horrid chess player. McVincent currently resides in Salt Lake City, Utah, the Rio de Janiero of the American Southwest. Nice weather he's having!


Inbred?
Summers w/ Scott
WHO IS
SHELMERDINE?!
Well, you read the zine, didinya??